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**Announcer:**

*Now hear this, now hear this -this is the will of Creon.*

*The war is won. We have won. The enemy lies in ruins. Peace will follow like the blessings of spring but only to those who obey. The army can be mild but the army can be fierce. The army is your friend but can become your enemy. They have a task to perform and they will perform it. Obey whatever orders they issue. Bow down. Obey. Obey. Go to your homes. Await further instructions. Be vigilant for we are vigilante. Nothing more than obedience is asked of you.*

**Antigone: (sings)**

*A day in May you left me  
A day in the month of May  
Now beauty it deserts me  
And death is my only friend*

*Death is my only friend in May  
Death is my only friend  
Now beauty it deserts me  
And death is my only friend*

So, the war, it goes on.

Ancient war, terrible war.

My Lai. Ieper. Verdun. Thebes.

Dark rhythms of blood trouble the day, trouble the night, trouble the day again.

This is more than my father's doing

I keep faith with the dead. I have not disowned. I have not earned the name of impious.

Old masters, new masters –this is the history of my city.

History -politics and power rewriting history to its own advantage.

Yet no matter the changes nothing changes.

The flag changes but hangs from the self-same flagpole.

Once that happens you know what has happened

The power of the new masters

The ancient greed comes to life in our time

The new generals walk with an easy swagger

Power was once their shadow – now it is their soul

Their bitter shadows criss-cross the power-lines of the world

They have traded their souls for shadows

(sings)

*A day in May you left me*

*A day in the month of May  
Now beauty it deserts me  
And death is my only friend*

*Death is my only friend in May  
Death is my only friend  
Now beauty it deserts me  
And death is my only friend*

The friendship of the dead  
Their endurance in my mind  
The old traditions do not change at the coming of the new tyrants  
The dead circle my life  
The friendship endures  
Their shadows shape my soul

Sorrow in my voice  
Sorrow in the voice of the world

The sacred rivers do not run to the sea  
The holy places are defiled  
The shrines have been befouled  
Believers pray to shattered statues  
What profit can be gained from grief?  
What does sorrow add to our life but sorrow?

Their lives, our lives  
Soldiers and citizens  
Figures in an ancient drama who play a given role  
This has been said, this will be said  
Like a prayer wheel turned by the hands of the faithful the wheel of the world is turned.  
Whenever the new masters arrive the assertions of pain are made

Sorrow is unending  
Hell is unending  
We scrounge for food in the new freedom

*All the sacred rivers run to the sea  
The tide is in flood  
The world turns and turn on a chance  
The river flows and flows*

*Who will speak for the lost and disowned?*

*Who will sing for the lost?  
The river runs and the tide is in flood  
And the world turns and turns*

*The old songs cease.  
The old words have no power  
Faithlessness makes all things undone  
All falls, all falls, all falls.*

*Honour has faded from these lands  
My father's house is closed.  
Another bride is preferred  
All fails, all fails, all fails.*

The generals swagger with passion through the city  
There are however other passions  
Passions of the mind  
Passions of the soul  
The soul of a man, the soul of a woman, the soul of a people longing for justice  
You think that justice follows victory?  
No, in this and every war, it is control which follows victory  
The passions of a people count little against the demands of victory

The new passions are the old passions.  
Thebes becomes Baghdad.  
Nothing and everything changes.  
Soldiers with weapons.  
Tanks at every street-corner.  
New flags and old anthems.  
The old fears. T  
the new fears.  
Passions about to collide.

Passion  
Theirs  
Mine  
Of a city, of history  
Sometimes a living fire  
Sometimes a fire that shrivels yours soul  
You roam there, drunk or drugged  
Sometimes the drug is pleasing  
Sometimes not

Yet I have loved

Not just as my people have loved but loved as a woman has loved  
 My passions have not been quenched by this war  
 I am what I am and always have been –what else can I be?

A mind casts itself against many minds  
 Already the victors have become the enemy

**Announcer:**

*Now hear this! Now hear this!*

*I'm standing here outside the central police station in the capital when a car bomb exploded a few moments ago. A lot of damage has been done to the building and there are reports of two people dead. How this happened and who is responsible for it is something which is too early to say, but coming as it does on the heels of reports of looting in other parts of the city it could well be a development which the army, for one, will not like to see. Stay tuned for further announcements.*

**Antigone:**

The earth is no longer in alliance with heaven  
 Hell directs the history of our blood  
 Flame enters history, -it will not be put out  
 Already blood has reached boiling point and soon it must spill over

Brothers, Mother, I mourn you.  
 Father, this history was not your doing.

I have forgotten the old songs.  
 An un-shapely music has entered the world.  
 The drum of the earth is beaten with cruel sticks.  
 Even the dead are granted no peace.

The dead

No longer handsome; no longer vibrant in the sun.  
 Not that the sun is vibrant.  
 Palls of smoke rise from burned out cars.  
 Who can see the sun in such darkness?  
 Who can insist that it still has the power to warm and to heal?

To warm and to heal.  
 A city primed up tight as a tyre longs for healing and warmth –yet what is given?  
 Silence is given.

Coldness is given.

The old wounds of history have reopened and are festering in our souls.

The masters have issued their orders.

Those orders are clear.

Honour to one brother, dishonour and shame to another.

A body left unburied for the dogs to feed on.

A rotten corpse to show they even control the dead.

Such a laws upsets the ancient law of heaven but heaven no longer listens to us.

Is it also subject to the masters?

Do the masters of power control the controlling power of heaven?

There are no answers to comfort the mind in these troubling times.

We weep for the dead, we sing for the living –to which do I belong?

Troubling times.

Shadows darken the moon.

Stray dogs howl in pain. A city howls in pain.

What is my pain if it is not a sister's pain?

What is my pain if it is not the pain of a woman?

Tanks move from street-corner to street-corner; the foot patrols are everywhere.

Honour to one, dishonour to another –no, this cannot be.

To control the dead –where in history will you find its like?

Honour?

Dishonour?

In the spring and autumn there are no righteous wars.

(sings)

*A day in May you left me  
A day in the month of May  
Now beauty it deserts me  
And death is my only friend*

*Death is my only friend in May  
Death is my only friend  
Now beauty it deserts me  
And death is my only friend*

Duty and death, love and death –was my fate always meant to be composed of death and love and duty?

My fate –cast by my country and my choice.  
 Death and duty –two cords that weave the rope of my life.  
 With that rope I am bound, yet within the binding I am free.

Handfuls of earth –yet this can endanger the State?

Creon issuing his orders by the minute.  
 Spies everywhere.  
 Treachery rewarded while virtue is punished. T  
 he army so self-assured in all that it does that it defies description.  
 Nothing escapes.  
 This terrible war has come upon us and no one escapes the fate that it brings.  
 It brings cold fate, cruel masters.  
 That is the history of this land.  
 First the one then the other, then the women burying the dead.

Death-songs softly sung lest the living should hear them and report it.  
 Silent grief.  
 Grief allowed no voice.  
 Only the victors sing loudly in the cafes and taverns.  
 The whores do a good business tonight.

*(sings)*

*A day in May you left me  
 A day in the month of May*

I hear laughter but will not join in.  
 I will not sing of death as if it came like a gift.  
 The wind that blows from the west is harsh.  
 If time were sand then time would be scattered beyond redemption.

Beyond redemption –tonight, even the world itself seems beyond redemption.

Old land –new masters.  
 We are old. The earth is old.  
 The honour by which we live is old as the earth is old and older.  
 Perhaps I do no more than re-gather the scattered grains of sand to raise a mound of honour to  
 the dead?  
 Who can say?  
 A woman gathers sand and history scatters it.  
 In the month of may not even the flowers can offer redemption.

Is it May?



Has spring come to these waters and this city?  
I no longer know.  
Time has been wiped out of history and there is only sorrow.

Sorrow knows eternity and resides in time.  
Sorrow knows death as a brother.  
I mourn for a brother.  
I mourn for all of those who were my brothers.  
Right or wrong does not concern me.  
The masters will condemn me if I act –the dead will condemn me if I do not.

Death came calling disguised as freedom.  
Death entered the city in triumph.  
What followed however was neither freedom nor triumph.  
Death cast off its mask and stood exposed for what it was –an insatiable hunger satisfied only with itself.

First one brother, then another.  
First my mother, then my father who was my brother.  
History could not have compounded a crueller fate for me if it tried.

First one brother, then the other.  
Prophets warned against it –but who now listens to the voice of prophecy when the voice of triumph is loud and shrill with its own delight?

We did not listen.  
History happened.  
After that history followed its own satisfaction.

Some blame the indifference of the gods.  
Others blame the greed of men.  
It does not matter.  
Neither greed nor blame offer satisfaction in this dark.  
Men behave as if they were gods.  
The gods do not listen to our protests.

We must act and act alone -history will condone or condemn us.

The traditions, the pious traditions, I do not know what worth they have but they will be preformed.  
Death will not go unmarked.  
The dogs will be given no corpse to feed on.

There are shadows moving within the shadows.

Old wrongs have taken on a new life.  
 He that was my brother is my enemy.  
 The friends I once visited now report my movements to the police

How did we end up like this?  
 Was there some crime too awful for heaven to forgive?  
 The crime must be more than we can imagine if this is our punishment.

A woman pleaded for food.  
 A soldier told her 'fuck off!' the woman staggered on.  
 The soldier stood in triumph.

Generals, captains, new masters.  
 How many kings since Gilgamesh?

The tanks are moving again -to impress their friends or the enemies?  
 Tanks in the city.  
 The soldiers self-assured and cocky.  
 New captains.  
 New masters.  
 How many kings since Gilgamesh?  
 Who is my brother? Who is my friend?  
 How can I tell the one from the others?

A new order is issued.  
 Death is restored as the minimum penalty.

One by one my memories are taken from me.  
 I have no past to balance against the present.  
 Whatever I remember turns itself against me in accusation –but I accept no accusation!

**Announcer:**

*Now hear this! Now hear this!*

*You join me as reports are coming in of two further explosions in the southern quarter of the city. What has caused them, who have been the targets and if there have been casualties is something which we do not as yet know. As you can imagine it is not easy in the current situation to obtain accurate information about what is going on, but I can tell you that rioting and looting has broken out throughout the city. Obviously this does not occur at those buildings that are guarded, but elsewhere chaos is beginning to make its appearance. Just to give you one example. An hour ago I was outside the National Museum as it was being looted. People were laying their hands on anything they could get. I saw them emerging with treasures and artefacts of this country's past which though priceless can have no practical*

*value for them. Nevertheless a mood has griped this city and nothing seems capable of stopping it for the moment. Shops and coffee houses are also being targeted and people are taking away every item that is not nailed down. Our forces seem to be taken by surprise at these developments and as yet have no strategy for dealing with it. Yet something must be done if this lawlessness is not to spread. Stay tuned. We will tell you what you need to know.*

### **Antigone:**

So, the passions of the moon out-rule the guidance of the sun.  
 Old divisions stalk the world in a new alliance.  
 Cain marks Able with the mark of death.  
 There is no other world and this is it.

Passions in the wilderness of the soul.  
 Passions like a wind blowing the sail of the soul off course.  
 History is changing before our eyes.  
 There is no escape.  
 Even the dead are found guilty in their absence.  
 Who can claim any innocence when facing the future?

Death proves itself to be the most enduring of friendships

Gifts for the living, gifts for the dead, I bring one to the other –I bring the wisdom of the moon to the guidance of the sun –I bring the forgiveness of the dead to the living.

The dead litter the streets and the fields, the dead litter my mind.  
 Rituals for the living but no ritual for my brother –I however, will not obey.  
 I will not obey!

Simple words.  
 Three words and my fate is made known to me.  
 Three words and I uproot the foundations of the State!

This war, this endless war.  
 Serving some necessity of history that I will not serve.  
 I cast three words against the State,  
 I cast three words against history –what words will history cast against me?

History and words.  
 Old wrongs in the new year of the world.  
 The world reduced to mourning.  
 Death enters our houses.  
 All is reduced to mourning.  
 Cold ash is spread over the world.

The songs of joy are now the songs of lamentations.  
 Voices bow to the new voices of the city.  
 What have we gained and what have we lost?  
 I have nothing left to loose.  
 Even my grief cannot be taken from me.  
 I will not obey. I will not obey!

*(sings)*

*A day in May you left me  
 A day in the month of May*

The dead retain a beauty the living do not possess.

We scrounge for survival in the harsh days these are.  
 The present becomes the future.  
 Everything has changed but nothing has changed.  
 The future that was waiting to happen has already begun.

The future –and what will that be?  
 More of the same and then more of the same.  
 The new masters drunk with power and then the backlash and the war will begin again, again,  
 again.

War, ancient war, it has never left these gates.  
 We fight and we fall, we fight and we fall and fall to rise again.  
 Brother, you will not rise -you will rest in the earth and the world continues with its crimes.  
 Sorrow will come, sorrow will come, and I will sing the same song.  
 With a song I dress your grave the way I should have dressed your wounds.  
 Wounds I dress now in the silence of the earth to which you are committed.

The songs I sing to the dead I sing to the living but the living do not listen.  
 The living are afraid to listen to the dead for fear they hear their own voice.

The future is rushing towards them.  
 There are not shadows enough to swallow them up.

The future? More of the same, then more of the same.  
 The new masters drunk with power and then the backlash.  
 And the war will begin again, again, again.  
 War, ancient war, it has never left these gates.  
 We fight and we fall, we fight and we fall.  
 Brother, you will not rise.  
 You will rest in the earth and the world continue with its crimes.

Sorrow will come.  
 I will sing the same song.  
 It was not the gods who published this law

**Announcer:**

*We are getting confirmed reports of shooting and explosions from the other major cities in the country. And in a worrying development, troops were in one incident attacked by the mob and had to open fire upon them. Reports are also coming in from all parts of the country where demonstrations have been held against the edicts of Creon. This will not be tolerated. What has been done was necessary to do. Whatever will be necessary to do will be done. The army is mild but the army can be fierce. The army is your friend but can become your enemy. They have a task to perform and they will perform it. Obey whatever orders they issue. Bow down. Obey. Obey. Go to your homes. Await further instructions. Be vigilante for we are vigilante. Nothing more than obedience is demanded of you.*

**Antigone:**

It is dawn but the dawn does not please me.  
 Nothing can. Not even the beauty of this city.  
 Not even the prayers I make to the gods who do not reply.  
 Death seems everywhere.  
 I am a woman but I do not wail.  
 Death seems everywhere.  
 The smell of it infests the air. The earth is polluted with the dead.  
 Dawn, dawn on my city- death and death and war's aftermath.  
 The living are stained and the dead are restless.  
 The earth is polluted with death

**Announcer:**

*Now hear this! Now hear this! Two more car bombs have exploded in the city. Five people are dead and twenty are injured. Troops have been attacked in various parts of the city. In one incident an ambulance was not allowed through a makeshift blockage. Troops are returning fire as we speak.*

**Antigone:** *(speaking)*

*All the sacred rivers run to the sea  
 The tide is in flood  
 The world turns and turn on a chance*

*The river flows and flows*

*Who will speak for the lost and disowned?  
Who will sing for the lost?  
The river runs and the tide is in flood  
And the world turns and turns*

*The old songs cease.  
The old words have no power  
Faithlessness makes all things undone  
All falls, all falls, all falls.*

*Honour has faded from these lands  
My father's house is closed.  
Another bride is preferred  
All fails, all fails, all fails.*

The penalty for what I have done is death.  
I have buried my brother and that is death. I have defied the State and that is death.  
I have said No when I was expected to say Yes and the penalty for that is death.  
Death is now the minimum penalty.

The lights go out and the voices fade into the silence.  
Silence and darkness comes on all things and all things go into silence and darkness.  
My sisters have become the sisters of the night.  
My sisters have entered the cave of night and I will follow.

See me, citizens, setting out on my last way, looking my last on the sunlight.  
Hades who gives sleep to all leads me on.  
I will see the sunlight no more.  
I am the bride of death that I have always been.  
Nothing could ever run from that fate.  
Friendless, knowing no marriage song, I am led in sorrow.  
No longer to see the daylight and the moonlight while no one cries for my fate.

Chamber of stone, chamber of death, Persephone will receive me among the dead.  
I will be welcomed by my father. I will be welcomed by my mother.  
I have washed and am prepared.  
I have poured offerings at the grave of the dead.  
There is nothing more to do.

Chamber of stone, chamber of death, I have no regrets.  
There has been no wedding song for me.  
There was neither husband nor children to love.  
Let it be so. I have no regrets.  
There is nothing more to do.  
Nothing they do can harm me now – I am inviolate!

**Announcer:**

*Now hear this! Now hear this! Demonstration in favour of the deposed Dictator are taking place near his hometown. Three soldiers lost their lives when they were ambushed at a junction in the capital. Fires have broken out in the downtown shopping area. People are protesting for bread and clean water. A pall of smoke hangs over the capital. The city is full of comfortless noises.*